



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat, on coming to his senses, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins under the cookery cook, Murgidge, who steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Cooky is jealous of Humphrey and hates him. Wolf hates a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophical discussion with Humphrey. Wolf entertains Murgidge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Humphrey, and makes Murgidge his master. Humphrey is knocked overboard at night, comes back aboard by the life line and wins clear in a fight in the fore-cabin. Humphrey dresses Wolf's wounds and, despite his protest, is made mate on the hell-ship. Mr. Van Weyden tries to learn his duties as mate. Wolf hates the men who tried to kill him. Van Weyden proves by his conduct in a blow, with all hands out in the boats among the seal herd, that he has learned "to stand on his own legs."

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Two hours of terrible work followed, in which all hands of us—two hunters, three sailors, Wolf Larsen and I—reefed, first one and the other, the jib and mainsail. And when all was done, I gave up like a woman and rolled upon the deck in the agony of exhaustion.

In the meantime Thomas Murgidge, like a drowned rat, was being dragged out from under the fore-cabin head, where he had cravenly encoined himself. I saw him pulled aft to the cabin and noted with a shock of surprise that the galley had disappeared. A clean space of deck showed where it had stood.

In the cabin I found all hands assembled, sailors as well, and while coffee was being cooked over the small stove we drank whisky and crunched hardtack.

"To hell with a lookout," I heard Wolf Larsen say when we had eaten and drunk our fill. "There's nothing can be done on deck. If anything's going to run us down we couldn't get out of its way. Turn in, all hands, and get some sleep."

The sailors slipped forward, setting the side-lights as they went, while the two hunters remained to sleep in the cabin, it not being deemed advisable to open the slide to the steering companionway. Wolf Larsen and I, between us, cut off Kerfoot's crushed finger and sewed up the stump. Murgidge, who, during all the time he had been compelled to cook and serve coffee and keep the fire going, had complained of internal pains, now swore that he had a broken rib or two. On examination we found that he had three. But his case was deferred to



Wolf Larsen and I, Between Us, Cut Off Kerfoot's Crushed Finger.

next day, principally for the reason that I did not know anything about broken ribs and would first have to read it up.

"I don't think it was worth it," I said to Wolf Larsen, "a broken boat for Kelly's life."

"But Kelly didn't amount to much," was the reply. "Good night."

After all that had passed, suffering intolerable anguish in my finger ends, and with three boats missing, to say nothing of the wild capers the Ghost was cutting, I should have thought it impossible to sleep. But my eyes must have closed the instant my head touched the pillow, and in utter exhaustion I slept throughout the night, while the Ghost, lonely and undisturbed, fought her way through the storm.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next day, while the storm was blowing itself out, Wolf Larsen and I crammed anatomy and surgery and set Murgidge's ribs. Then, when the storm broke, Wolf Larsen cruised back and forth over that portion of the ocean where we had encountered it, and somewhat more to the westward, while the boats were being re-

paired and new sails made and bent. Sealing schooner after sealing schooner we sighted and boarded, most of which were in search of lost boats, and most of which were carrying boats and crews they had picked up and which did not belong to them. For the thick of the fleet had been to the westward of us, and the boats, scattered far and wide, had headed in mad flight for the nearest refuge.

Two of our boats, with men all safe, we took off the Cisco, and, to Wolf Larsen's huge delight and my own grief, he culled Smoke, Nilson and Leach, from the San Diego. So that, at the end of five days, we found ourselves short but four men—Henderson, Holyoak, Williams and Kelly—and were once more hunting on the flanks of the herd.

But Wolf Larsen, as was to be expected, being a boat short, took possession of the first stray one and compelled its men to hunt with the Ghost, not permitting them to return to their own schooner when we sighted it. I remember how he forced the hunter and his two men below, a rifle at their breasts, when their captain passed by at biscuit-toss and hailed us for information.

I was learning more and more seamanship; and one clear day—a thing we rarely encountered now—I had the satisfaction of running and handling the Ghost and picking up the boats myself. Wolf Larsen had been smitten with one of his headaches, and I stood at the wheel from morning until evening, sailing across the ocean after the last lee boat and heaving to and picking it and the other five up without command or suggestion from him.

Gales we encountered now and again, for it was a raw and stormy region, and, in the middle of June, a typhoon most memorable to me and most important because of the changes wrought through it upon my future. We must have been well in the path of the Trans-Pacific steamships when the typhoon moderated, and here, to the surprise of the hunters, we found ourselves in the midst of the seals—a second herd, or sort of rear guard, they declared, and a most unusual thing. But it was "Boats over!" the boom-boom of guns, and the pitiful slaughter through the long day.

It was at this time that I was approached by Leach. I had just finished tallying the skins of the last boat aboard, when he came to my side, in the darkness, and said in a low tone:

"Can you tell me, Mr. Van Weyden, how far we are off the coast, and what the bearings of Yokohama are?"

My heart leaped with gladness, for I knew what he had in mind, and I gave him the bearings—west-north-west and five hundred miles away.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said as he slipped back into the darkness.

Next morning No. 3 boat and Johnson and Leach were missing. Wolf Larsen was furious. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack to raise that tiny boat out of the blue immensity. But he put the Ghost through her best paces so as to get between the deserters and the land. This accomplished, he cruised back and forth across what he knew must be their course.

On the morning of the third day, shortly after eight bells, a cry that the boat was sighted came down from Smoke at the masthead. All hands lined the rail, and there, to leeward, in the troubled silver of the rising sun, appeared and disappeared a black speck. We squared away and ran for it. I looked at the gleam of triumph in Wolf Larsen's eyes, his form swam before me and I felt almost irresistibly impelled to fling myself upon him. The boat was near enough now for us to make out that it was larger than any sealing boat and built on different lines. Smoke, who had descended to the deck and was now standing by my side, began to chuckle in a significant way. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Talk of a mess!" he giggled. "Don't you see there, in the stern-sheets, on the bottom. May I never shoot a seal again if that ain't a woman!"

I looked closely, but was not sure until exclamations broke out on all sides. The boat contained four men, and its fifth occupant was certainly a woman. We were agog with excitement, all except Wolf Larsen, who was evidently disappointed in that it was not his own boat with the two victims of his malice.

We ran down the flying jib, hauled the jib-sheets to windward and the main sheet flat, and came up into the wind. I now caught my first glimpse of the woman. She was wrapped in a long ulster, for the morning was raw; and I could see nothing but her face and a mass of light brown hair escaping from under the seaman's cap on her head. The eyes were large and brown and lustrous, the mouth sweet and sensitive, and the face itself a delicate oval, though sun and exposure to briny wind had burnt the face scarlet. When one of the sailors lifted her into Wolf Larsen's downstretched arms, she looked up into our curious faces and smiled amusedly and sweetly, as only a woman can

smile, and as I had seen no one smile for so long that I had forgotten such smiles existed.

"Mr. Van Weyden!"

Wolf Larsen's voice brought me sharply back to myself.

"Will you take the lady below and see to her comfort? Make up that spare port cabin. Put Cooky to work on it. And see what you can do for that face. It's burned badly."

He turned brusquely away from us and began to question the new men. The boat was cast adrift, though one of them called it a "bloody shame" with Yokohama so near.

"No need to go to any great trouble for me," she protested, when I had seated her in Wolf Larsen's armchair, which I had dragged hastily from his cabin. "The men were looking for land at any moment this morning, and the vessel should be in by night; don't you think so?"

Her simple faith in the immediate future took me aback. How could I explain to her the situation, the strange man who stalked the sea like Destiny, all that it had taken me months to learn? But I answered honestly:

"If it were any other captain except ours, I should say you would be ashore in Yokohama tomorrow. But our captain is a strange man, and I beg of you to be prepared for anything, understand?—for anything."

"I—I confess I hardly do understand," she hesitated, a perturbed but not frightened expression in her eyes. "Or is it a misconception of mine that shipwrecked people are always shown every consideration? This is such a little thing, you know. We are so close to land."

"Candidly, I do not know," I strove to reassure her. "I wished merely to prepare you for the worst, if the worst is to come. This man, this captain, is a brute, a demon, and one can never tell what will be his next fantastic act."

I was growing excited, but she interrupted me with an "Oh, I see," and her voice sounded weary. To think was patently an effort. She was clearly on the verge of physical collapse. I had quite forgotten the existence of Leach and Johnson, when suddenly, like a thunderclap, "Boat ho!" came down the open companionway. It was Smoke's unmistakable voice, crying from the masthead.

There were swift commands on deck, a stamping of feet and a slapping of reef-points as the Ghost shot into the wind and about on the other tack. As she filled away and heeled, the armchair began to slide across the cabin floor, and I sprang for it just in time to prevent the rescued woman from being spilled out.

Her eyes were too heavy to suggest more than a hint of the sleepy surprise that perplexed her as she looked up at me, and she half stumbled, half tottered, as I led her to her cabin. Murgidge grinned insouciantly in my face as I shoved him out and ordered him back to his galley work; and he won his revenge by spreading glowing reports among the hunters as to what an excellent "Judy's myde" I was proving myself to be.

CHAPTER XVII.

I came on deck to find the Ghost heading up close on the port tack and cutting in to windward of a familiar spritsail close hauled on the same tack ahead of us. All hands were on deck, for they knew that something was to happen when Leach and Johnson were dragged aboard.

Wolf Larsen strode aft from amidships, where he had been talking with the rescued men. The catlike springiness in his tread was a little more pronounced than usual, and his eyes were bright and snappy.

"Three oilers and a fourth engineer," was his greeting. "But we'll make sailors out of them, or boat pullers at any rate. Now, what of the lady?"

I know not why, but I was aware of a twinge or pang, like the cut of a knife, when he mentioned her. I thought it a certain silly fastidiousness on my part, but it persisted in spite of me, and I merely shrugged my shoulders in answer.

Wolf Larsen pursed his lips in a long, quizzical whistle.

"What's her name?" he demanded. "I don't know," I replied. "She is asleep. She was very tired. In fact, I was waiting to hear the news from you. What vessel was it?"

"Mail steamer," he answered shortly. "The City of Tokyo, from Frisco, bound for Yokohama. Disabled in that typhoon. Old tub. Opened up top and bottom like a sieve. They were adrift four days. And you don't know who or what she is, eh?—maid, wife or widow? Well, well."

He shook his head in a bantering way, and regarded me with laughing eyes. "Are you—" I began. It was on the verge of my tongue to ask if he were going to take the castaways in to Yokohama.

"Am I what?" he asked. "What do you intend doing with Leach and Johnson?"

He shook his head. "Really, Humphrey, I don't know. You see, with these additions I've about all the crew I want."

"And they're about all the escaping they want," I said. "Why not give them a change of treatment? Take them aboard and deal gently with them. Whatever they have done they have been bounded into doing."

"By me?"

"By you," I answered steadily. "And I give you warning, Wolf Larsen, that I may forget love of my own life in the desire to kill you if you go too far in mistreating those poor wretches."

"Bravo!" he cried. "You do me proud, Humphrey! You've found your legs

with a vengeance. You're quite an individual. You were unfortunate in having your life cast in easy places, but you're developing, and I like you the better for it."

His voice and expression changed. His face was serious. "Do you believe in promises?" he asked. "Are they sacred things?"

"Of course," I answered.

"Then here is a compact," he went on, consummate actor that he was. "If I promise not to lay my hands upon Leach and Johnson, will you promise, in turn, not to attempt to kill me?"

I could hardly believe my ears.

What was coming over the man?

"Is it a go?" he asked impatiently.

"A go," I answered.

His hand went out to mine, and as I shook it heartily I could have sworn I saw the mocking devil shine up for a moment in his eyes.

We strolled across the poop to the lee side. The boat was close at hand now, and in desperate plight. Johnson was steering, Leach balling.

The next instant they were opposite the poop, where stood Wolf Larsen and I. We were falling in the trough, they were rising on the surge. Johnson looked at me, and I could see that



One of the Sailors Lifted Her Into Wolf Larsen's Downstretched Arms.

his face was worn and haggard. I waved my hand to him, and he answered the greeting, but with a wave that was hopeless and despairing. It was as if he were saying farewell. It did not see into the eyes of Leach, for he was looking at Wolf Larsen, the old and implacable snarl of hatred strong as ever on his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEWARE THE POPULAR MAN

"Good Fellow" Makes the Worst Kind of Husband, According to Sophisticated Widow.

A sophisticated widow, airing her views in a New York paper, declares that the good fellow, the clubbable man, makes the very worst kind of husband. The type of man who is loved by men, chiefly for his genial faults, is a terror to live with, says this lady, who is credited with considerable experience.

Such a man is quite incapable of self-study and of self-criticism; he knows the men like him and he can't think why his wife doesn't. The man who is popular with men, says this lady, never gets on, either in business or anything else. He takes pride in being a good spender and he cultivates the art of generously spending, to the detriment of the art of making. The wife of such a man is forever anxious about financial matters, usually neglected, invariably unhappy. And the men are always so sorry for him, being tied to such a fussy wife.

Having Fun With the Bread Cards.

German humorists have found excellent material in cartooning the bread cards. "Give me your bread card or your life!" was popular. Feroocious bandits were pictured as relinquishing fortunes in gold and jewels in order to steal bread cards; cautious heads of families were depicted as mounting guard at night over the safe in which they reposed the family tickets. Dinner invitations, instead of "R. S. V. P.," bore the legend, "Please Bring your own bread."—From "Is Germany Hungry?" in the Saturday Evening Post.

Long Life in Rural France.

A remarkable record of longevity is to be found in some of the rural parishes of France. In the village of St. Thomas de la Fliche there have been only fourteen parish priests in 300 years. The parish of St. Germain du Val, in Paris, has had only three pastors in 100 years, while that of Givry en Argonne has had but five in 130 years.

Between Friends.

"Say, old chap, you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?" "Sure. And you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?" "Sure. And, say, I want to borrow ten dollars."

"Quiet. Major, quiet. Listen. So do I, and if you can find anybody with a few bucks to spare, let me know, will you?"—Judge.

How Light Affects the Eye.

In a dim light the conditions obtained in full daylight do not apply as far as the eye is concerned. In a feeble illumination the eye becomes more or less color-blind and is highly insensitive to red, which appears dead black, whereas green and blue objects appear as uneasy gray.

MONTEVERDE SAYS HE BOUGHT JUDGE

MEMPHIS BREWERY AGENT IN-FORMS SENATORS HE BRIBED JUDGE EDGINGTON.

DECLARES HE PAID \$1,000

Check With Which Alleged Bribe Was Paid Is Introduced As Evidence of Corruption—News At the Capital.

—Nashville.

Pete Monteverde, who made an affidavit that he had paid \$1,000 to Judge Jesse Edgington for modification of an injunction against a brewery agency in Memphis, was the first witness placed on the stand in the impeachment trial before the state senate. All witnesses were excluded from the courtroom before Monteverde was called to the stand.

Monteverde's testimony, which consumed an entire afternoon, was with reference to the conduct of his brewery business and the alleged transaction of the bribe, which the impeachment managers claim Judge Edgington accepted.

The witness told the senate that he gave Judge Edgington \$1,000 for modifying the injunction against him. He also identified the check with which it is claimed payment was made.

Upholds Divorce Proctor.

The Supreme Court at Jackson, after announcing opinions in a number of cases, adjourned until May 10, when the Shelby equity docket will be resumed. The court will be engaged during the recess in the preparation of opinions in cases which have been argued. Among the opinions handed down the most important was William Wilson against Lizzie Wilson, Shelby Chancery. The case involved the constitutionality of the divorce proctor act of 1915, which provided for a divorce proctor in counties of more than 100,000 population and a fee of five dollars for the proctor. This fee was included in the bill of cost in the case and was objected to as an improper charge. The objection was overruled by the chancellor and an appeal was granted and the constitutionality of the act attacked. Justice Green, speaking for the court, held the fee of \$5 was not a tax and the act was constitutional.

Will Eliminate Waste.

With the coming of W. A. Hamilton as consulting and supervising steward of all the institutions under the charge of the state board of control the various charges of the state will shortly be fed in a systematic manner according to carefully compiled tables and so that waste will be practically eliminated.

Mr. Hamilton, who was recently secured for this work, has entered upon his duties, going as his first step to the main prison at Nashville. He will go from there to other institutions in turn.

According to Chairman John S. Denton of the board of control the state has in the past faced a loss in food served charges at times because there was perhaps an overquantity of food that was not properly prepared. The consulting steward has had years of experience in leading hotels and in the United States army.

Dental Examiners Named.

Members of the state board of dental examiners, who will pass upon those who seek licenses to practice the profession in Tennessee, have been named by Gov. Tom C. Rye, as follows:

Dr. C. H. Taylor of Memphis, reappointed; Dr. W. G. Hutchison of Nashville, reappointed; Dr. F. W. Meachem of Chattanooga, appointed in the place of Dr. R. S. Henry, resigned; Dr. G. L. Powers of Paris, appointed in the place of Dr. C. H. Robinson of Union City. The newly named board will commence its term of office on May 9.

Examine For Nurses.

An examination of applicants for licenses as nurses will be held Friday, June 2, in Memphis, Nashville and Knoxville. These examinations will be held by the state board of nurses.

Factory Inspection Report.

Chief Inspector W. L. Mitchell of the department of shop and factory has made his quarterly report to Gov. Rye, covering the months of January and February of this year and December of 1915.

This shows that a total of 273 regular inspections were made; there were 340 special inspections, 220 suggestion blanks issued, 234 suggestions compiled and six cases disposed of in the courts.

Seeking to place all colleges and schools of the denomination on a solid basis financially, the board of education of the Southern Methodist church before adjourning here accepted a plan to raise \$9,000,000 by popular subscription for the church membership for education.

A million each will go to the Southern University of Dallas and Emory University. Other institutions of the church include 13 A-grade colleges, nine B-grade colleges, eight junior colleges, 23 unclassified colleges and 18 academies.

A Texas Wonder.

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for Tenn. testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Oliver street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for Tenn. testimonials. Sold by druggists. tf

Midnight

MIDNIGHT is a large Black Spanish Jack of the very best type, best bone and muscle, with vigor and stamina. He has made several seasons in the eastern part of Fayette county and no jack that has ever been in the county can show more fine mule colts than he can show.

Will make the season of 1916 at my barn in Somerville.

TERMS—\$5 per leap, cash; \$8 to insure, payable when mare is ascertained to be in foal or traded.

Not responsible for accidents.

W. S. Newby
Somerville, Tenn.

Hatchie Hall



Hatchie Hall, 912, pacer, by standard J. H. L. 2:08½, sire of Ardell by Idol Wilkes, son of George Wilkes. First dam, Dolly by Buford's Tom Hal, third dam by son of Shy's Tom Hal, fourth dam by Shy's Tom Hal.

Hatchie Hall is a horse of great style and finish, strong, muscular and wonderful stamina and beauty. He has a fine gait and much natural speed. He has many colts in Fayette county, and they every one show strong characteristics of this magnificent horse. He will make the season of 1916 at my barn in Somerville.

TERMS—\$5 per leap, cash; \$10 per season, cash, with return privilege; \$15 to insure, money due when mare is ascertained to be in foal or traded.

Will use every effort to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible if any should occur.

W. S. NEWBY, Somerville, Tenn.

Fuzz Johnson



Trotting Stallion Record 2:14 1-2

Will make season of 1916 at Hollywood Farm six miles north of Somerville.

TERMS: \$15.00 if paid at time of service; \$25.00 payable November 1. Foal insured.

Good Promise

No. 48894



An analysis of the breeding of Good Promise will show him to be one of the most royally bred stallions in the Stud Book, a blending of Hambletonian-Mambrino Chief strains. He is speedy, level headed, and, although a standard bred trotter, is a fine saddle, and has sired many fine combination horses.

\$15 to insure
At NEWBY'S STABLE, Somerville,
for the season of 1916.

E. F. SANDERS, Somerville, Tenn.